

**THE BONADVENTURE: A  
RANDOM JOURNAL OF  
AN ATLANTIC HOLIDAY**

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The Bonadventure: A Random Journal of an Atlantic Holiday by Edmund Blunden

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**EDMUND BLUNDEN**

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AN ATLANTIC HOLIDAY**



**THE WAGGONER**  
and other poems by  
Edmund Blunden

**JOHN CLARE**  
Poems chiefly from MSS.  
selected and edited with  
a biographical note by  
Edmund Blunden  
and  
Alan Porter

**THE SHEPHERD**  
and other poems of  
Peace and War by  
Edmund Blunden  
awarded the  
Hawthornden Prize, 1922  
Third Edition

# THE BONADVENTURE

*A Random Journal of  
an Atlantic Holiday*

By EDMUND BLUNDEN

“There ships divide their wat’ry way,  
And flocks of scaly monsters play ;  
There dwells the huge Leviathan,  
And foams and sports in spite of man.”

*Isaac Watts.*

LONDON  
RICHARD COBDEN-SANDERSON  
17 THAVIES INN

TO THE  
LIBRARY OF THE  
AMERICAN PEOPLE

1922

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To  
H.W.M.  
THIS  
"ROUND TRIP"

582148





## AUTHOR'S NOTE

A few facts are perhaps needed in this place. The autumn of 1921 found me in bad health, which seemed to me to be gaining ground. The Editors for whom it is my privilege to work were of that mind too, and suggested a sea voyage. I am one of that large class who can afford little more than voyages in ships which are hauled over on chains; but this was allowed for in every possible way by my Editors, in consequence of whose active generosity and that of the owners to whom my case was made known, I suddenly found myself bound for the River Plate. I can but say that when my friends expressed their envy I was well able to understand their feelings and my good luck.

For the rest, this little book is not intended for anything beyond the statement on the title page. I am sorry myself that there are no adventures of the blood-curdling sort in it; but I could not go out of my way, nor do tramps find time, it seems, for propitiating cannibals. Of unrehearsed effects on voyages, indeed, my belief is that it is possible sometimes to have too much. Eastward of Madagascar, we read, lies Tromelin Island—a sandbank a mile long. In 1761 the *Utile* was wrecked there, and eighty blacks were left behind; all died except seven of the women, who clung to life for fifteen years, nourished on shell fish and brackish water,

until Captain Tromelin landed and saved them. Now I cannot feel sorry that I was not one of that party.

There is, naturally, some slender disguise of names and so forth through my journal. There may be, it occurs, a S.S. *Bonadventure* at the present day; if it is so, this is not the ship. My grateful recollections of Captain Hosea, his officers and crew apply to those gentlemen indeed, but they do not sign on by the names which I have for this occasion invented. Thus their own example leads me; how much oftener was I hailed as "Skylark" and "Jonah" than as

EDMUND BLUNDEN.